

# Idaho Logging Safety News

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Division of Building Safety, Logging Safety Bureau

Dirk Kempthorne, Governor  
Dave Munroe, Administrator

I can't believe another summer has passed us by. Once the rain stopped, things really started moving. With a better lumber market than we have seen in a number of years, everybody has been extremely busy. We experienced a few accidents as the work season started but once things smoothed out we heard of very few.

Recently I was looking at some old news letters from 15-16 years ago (it must have been a really slow day). Some things have changed—back then we were experiencing 6 to 8 fatalities a year compared to 0 to 2 in the past few years. Some things haven't changed—in reading those old fatalities I realized that the things that were causing bad accidents back then are nearly identical to the things that continue to cause bad accidents today. Fortunately, the accidents we are seeing now are not as numerous or severe. That could be due to better awareness on your part with possibly a little luck thrown in. Granted we have considerably more mechanized logging but we still have the timber fallers and “hookers” that seem to contribute to our most serious accidents. We still have bad injuries from snags and from fallers staying too close to the stump and we still have hookers being injured from staying too close to the drag. One thing that has changed is the serious accidents to the cat and skidder operators that used to be quite common but have gone down greatly. No doubt the better canopies and the use of seat belts have had a dramatic impact. I guess what I'm saying is there is still room for improvement. Human nature still causes us to cut corners, especially when we're hot and tired.



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One thing that has come up this year concerning truckers are the new federal rules on hours of service. I'm still not entirely clear on what they mean nor I'm sure are many of you. I am concerned however, the hours of service will become much clearer when one of you has a serious accident on the highway. It will bring new meaning to the word LIABILITY!

That's enough ranting on my part. I still think you're doing a heck of a job and hope that continues. As for this fall, I hope you get a standing shot and don't jerk the trigger! ?

# ED ANDERSON LOGGING

Ed Anderson Logging from Cottonwood has been in business for over forty years. Ed started in the early 60's and, other than a stint in the teaching profession, has continued to hang out in the woods as much as possible. I usually see Mark (Ed's son) and Mat when I visit their job but have noticed that Ed (who likes to go to equipment auctions) is sometimes absent. Much of the time they two-man but this summer they are running two sides so they have a little larger crew.

They have a couple of processors, a feller-buncher, a loader and several skidders and cats. The way I've got it figured, at least two machines per man. With only a little oversize timber to hand fall, everything else is done with the machines. Ed certainly appreciates the safety aspect of the mechanical logging after spending years doing it the old fashioned way. This is a good outfit and with Mark just getting going in the business, I suspect this outfit will be around for a long time.

**Mat Shoemaker  
and  
Ed Anderson**




**Dan Musselman (ALC) goes over some paper work with Mark Anderson**






# ACCIDENTS




Two timber fallers were double jacking on a large cedar tree. One man was wedging while the other was sawing. When the tree started to fall the sawyer pulled his saw out of the cut but sawed his helper's leg in the process.




A landing chaser received serious injuries when a log coming into the landing went sideways causing severe leg, back and head injuries. The line machine was setting on a jump landing above the road thus limiting the visibility of the operator. Three logs came in on a turn—two long logs and a shorty. As the drag was dropped the shorter log suddenly swung sideways. The two chasers were apparently standing too close and one of them was unable to get in the clear.

The chaser is still recovering and hopefully will be able to return to work in the woods.



This accident occurred on a helicopter logging site. The helicopter had been shut down for service for a half hour or so and the chasers on the landing were taking a break in the crummy. When the ship resumed flying the crew didn't leave the pickup until they sighted the helicopter approaching the landing with a turn of logs. The chopper was having a little trouble getting the turn of logs lined up properly for the drop zone. Three of the four landing men ran into a safe zone when they noticed the ship was having trouble, but one of the chasers ran underneath the turn just as the chokers were released from the helicopter.

One of the logs struck him breaking his shoulder, some ribs and the femur bone on his leg. The medical helicopter was notified and the injured man was evacuated within an hour of the time that the accident occurred.



A truck driver received an injured shoulder when he was struck by a small log that rolled off the top of the load he was about to wrap up. The accident occurred in a log yard. The driver was pulling his wrappers over the load when he dislodged a log. The log struck him on the hard hat and deflected off injuring his shoulder. He probably wouldn't be around to talk about it if he hadn't been wearing a hard hat.



# Horizon Helicopter

Logging in North Idaho

by Don Hull

About nine years ago I was asked to go take a look at a helicopter job up on Spades Mountain. Somebody thought that the chopper was landing logs too close to the loader.

When I arrived on the job I was pleasantly surprised to be greeted by the Jorgenson family. Gary, the owner, was operating the loader and his wife Lora and their son were pulling and wrapping chokers. These guys were all business and very professional at what they did. I found that the landing was a little tight but they

knew it and had taken all the precautions to make it safe for everyone. At that time their son Brian was not very big but he was one of the hardest working kids I had ever been around. While I was there Gary asked if I could help him put together a safety plan, which we did.

About a month ago Gary moved back into my area to do a private patch of timber up the Coeur d'Alene River. He called one evening to see if we had made any updates on the safety plans. I told him we had and that I would be up to see him soon. As I arrived on the job I noticed that there were some of the same crew members that had been there back in 95. Gary and his wife were busy building an enclosed trailer that would serve as a supply shed and first-aid station for their helicopter. Gary said they had one of these for each of the choppers which by now is up to three Kaman Husky logging helicopters. He runs two of them with his logging operation and leases one to another company. These choppers work very well for Gary since they have a lot of lift for a small bird and are quick and maneuverable. If you haven't seen one of these, they have a dual prop system with no tail rotor.

Brian has grown into the operation and is now the pilot of the machine that was flying this job. He is the youngest logging helicopter pilot that I have ever met. I didn't get to meet his brother Kevin since he was one of the hookers on the hillside and it was farther up the hill than I wanted to walk that day.

Brian was going to be married in a few days and wasn't sure how his bride was going to handle being on the road as much as they have to be. He hopes she settles in like his mother has.

We wish them a long and happy marriage! ?

**Lora & Gary Jorgenson**  
working on their trailer



# BACK OUT OF THERE SLOWLY MISTER!

By Galen Hamilton

After hearing someone say something have you ever thought, "DUH, that is only common sense". Then, later on while you're driving down the road or loading logs you say to yourself "You know, that ain't such a bad idea". Well, it happens to me all the time. My boss says it's because I have the exact amount of I.Q. to let me think things over a lot slower than most people. (The boss, he's always bragging on me)



It happened to me again just the other day. An insurance safety fellow set up a meeting with a trucking outfit to go over some safety issues and asked me if I would like to sit in. This was a good company but had recently had a rash of minor accidents, as

most outfits in the logging industry sooner or later do.



After going over their company safety plan and talking about how the accidents happened, the safety guy and the drivers went out into the yard and walked around one of the logging trucks discussing what their job required and what they might do to make it safer. The drivers had some good suggestions to reduce the chance of SLIPS and FALLS.

That is when the insurance guy said, "Yeah, it is just like getting out of a truck. If you TURN AROUND BACKWARDS AND USE THE GRAB BARS you're not going to slip like when you go out front wards and your feet go out from underneath you". Immediately the old "DUH" popped into my head.

A couple of days later I was driving down the road wondering what the lottery had against me when the bell went off. A big percentage of the accidents we see in logging are truck drivers and equipment operators falling and jumping off the machines resulting in ankle, knee, back and other similar injuries. So, what this insurance safety guy was saying was that if the boys slowed down just a little bit and used the steps and hand holds, the loggers could save thousands and thousands of dollars each year. Hey, I think I better call that guy back and tell him I think he is onto something!

Of course maybe it is no big deal. Looking back I used to fall off every piece of machinery I ever operated, sometimes landing right on my head. And, as my boss proudly points out, just look at me now!  
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# FELLING, HOOKING, SURGERY, LOADING...

by Galen Hamilton

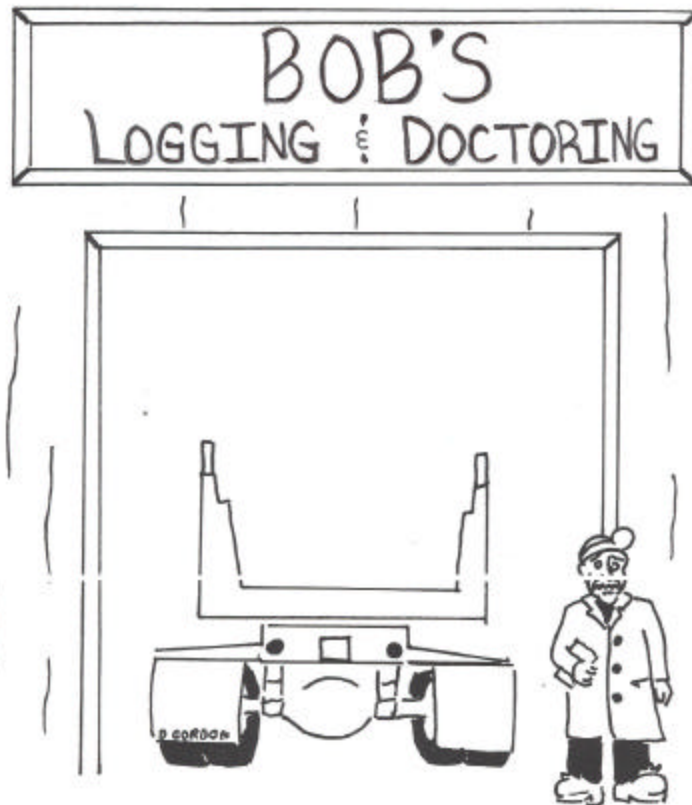
I have always believed that if it could be done or could be fixed, a logger could do it. Let's face it people, falling and bucking trees on the side of a cliff, skidding them up, down, around, over and across before mentioned cliff (all the while staying 100 feet from the creek), landing them on an area usually the size of a pickup hood on a cliff across the canyon from the original cliff and then sending the logs to town on a road that is not quite as steep as the cliff the loggers built it on, is not something normal people would TRY to do. You lumberjacks do it on a daily basis without, it seems, a second thought.

Now with all that said, the story I heard the other day about loggers (and their wives) fixing things surprised even me. It

seems some of you loggers are venturing out into the medical field! Let me try and explain.

Recently, a logger's wife was at the doctor's office for what was supposed to be a "routine procedure" to take the screws out of her broken leg. They deadened that area of her leg then cut the leg open to expose the screws that were to be removed. When the doctor went to unscrew the allen heads, his wrench was the wrong size! The logger's wife somewhat jokingly told the doctor that her husband had his toolbox out in the back of his pickup if that would help. The doctor and his helpers had a good laugh at that. Imagine, using LOGGER'S tools on something as complex as this.

After ten minutes or so of searching, things were not quite as comical. The doctor had a lady with her leg cut open and no means of getting those screws out. After several phone calls



provided no help, the only option it seemed was to haul her to another town which also meant they would have to deaden the leg again to say nothing of the pain that was sure to come. No, things weren't so funny now. That is when the doc asked if the lady's husband really had tools out in the parking lot. A few minutes later the nurses were sterilizing several allen wrenches that looked to be close to the correct size.

It seems however, that doctoring is kind of like logging, things don't always work on the first try. The allen heads were apparently an off breed size and none

*It seems however, that doctoring is kind of like logging, things don't always work on the first try.*

of the logger's wrenches would work. "What are we going to do now", the doctor asked with a trace of panic in his voice. "Not to worry", explained the logger, "WE'LL CALL THE SHOP!"

In a few minutes the logger's son showed up and handed, what by now was a very nervous doctor, a whole bag of allen wrenches that had been saved over the years. After just a few more tries the screws were removed and the lady's leg was on the mend, no problem.

Speaking of problems, I think our logger friend might have one about the time his wife's leg heals up. Granted, at the time of the accident they didn't know her leg was broken, and he did take her to the doctor, eventually----right after he got back home from getting parts!!! ?

# FRANK MICHAEL LOGGING, EMIDA

by Cliff Osborn



Frank Michael is currently cat logging timber for Forest Capitol near Emida. Frank usually runs two cat crews and spends his time lining out strips, mechanicing and piling brush with his cat backhoe.

The crew pictured here are logging the over story off and taking care not to rip down the reproduction. Most of the trees were being made into cedar poles that will be hauled to Julietta to Baxter Pole and the logs go to St. Maries and Coeur d'Alene.

Dave Reeves Sr. was running skid cat and Tim Micheal and Dave Reeves Jr. were falling and bucking. This is an experienced crew and timber was coming across the landing at a steady pace. On this job visit Don Hull and I were helping Frank locate his job position on his new GPS.



I saw some of this modern machinery on the way was for sale, a Forty Dozer and a good Jammer







An experienced equipment operator was severely burnt when a spray paint can exploded in his face. Reaching into the area underneath the cab on his jammer, the logger was moving a wrench out of the way when it apparently came in contact with an electrical wire. Again, apparently, this sent an arc that ignited the spray can that then exploded into a fireball that burnt his face and hand.

The crew handled the situation correctly and got the injured fellow to a local hospital in a hurry. He was then transferred to a burn center for a few days before returning back home. It looks like the injuries will heal up just fine with, luckily, no permanent damage. I am sure he will be back throwing tongs by the time you read this newsletter.

A couple of things I thought might be worth mentioning about this accident. The owner of the company told me that the doctor really wanted to have a look at the can of paint to find out what chemicals were involved. Obviously the can that blew was burnt, but the logger had others in the back of the pickup so the doctor could find out what he wanted to know. I know it would be hard to think of, but when chemicals are involved try and pass along a list of what it is made of (such as an MSDS sheet).

This logging company is made up of experienced people and really has its stuff together but when you are faced with something like this, it is scary, I don't care who you are. One of the guys told me that even though they go through the first-aid

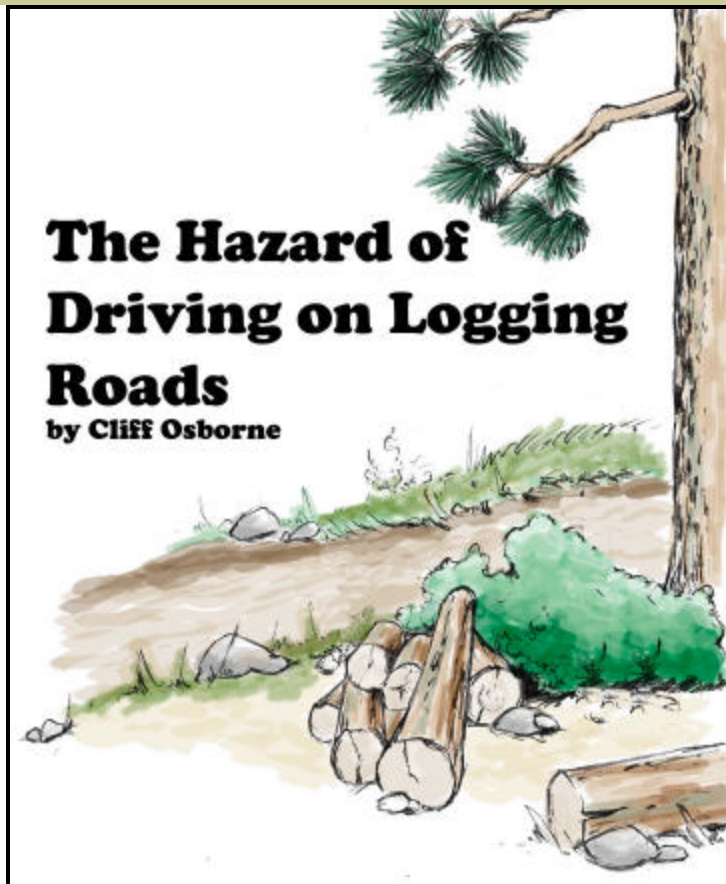
classes every year and his company has a safety meeting going over emergency evacuation every year, when the crap hits the fan there is a whole lot to remember without much time to think about it. He wanted me to let you other loggers around the state know it is not a bad deal to go over the emergency evacuation plan when you hit each new job location. ?



A logger in north Idaho was bucking on the landing on a very hot day thinking he had everything well under control when all of a sudden he got stung by a bee. He took his left hand off the saw to rub the spot when the tip of the bar caught a limb causing the saw to kick back and hit the top of his hard hat. The chain left a major gash in the mac-tee. The saw ended up in the road behind him.

The guy told me the main thing he did wrong was to take one hand off the saw. I've seen other sawyers do this and we all know it is a bad practice.





## The Hazard of Driving on Logging Roads

by Cliff Osborne

No matter how well the logging roads are signed with markers, it seems we are still going to have some head on collisions. Most of the wood roads are one lane roads with turnouts and driving by the CB and thinking you're safe is a very poor practice. The accidents always happen on the curves and are caused by vehicles being in the middle or wrong side of the road. Imagining there is a white line and staying on your side is a good practice.

Several accidents occurred this summer when woods crews were visiting with each other and the front pickup ran into a loaded truck. Driving by the CB with excessive speed and thinking you know the location of all the traffic is not a good idea. Most of the forest roads are public roads and sometimes tourists and berry pickers take their chances and venture out on one of these roads.

There is no simple solution for the problem but driving at a reasonable speed so you can stop when meeting someone on these one lane roads would certainly help. A log truck near Elk River had a head-on with a pickup this summer. The pickup skidded on the gravel nearly one hundred feet before crashing into a loaded truck. The trucker was cited for causing the accident because he wasn't in his lane. The truck driver was avoiding some holes in the road and was almost stopped when they collided. ?

A very experienced logger narrowly avoided what could have been a tragic accident, or as he put it, "It was really, really close to being a real bad deal".



He was hooked onto their fuel wagon heading out of the logging job following his brother who was driving the low-boy. The road had some very steep pitches on it so they had pumped the wagon dry before they started out attempting to make it as light as possible. He said he couldn't believe it when he started off one of the steep pitches toward a switch back and that wagon started pushing his heavy pickup sideways. There was nothing he could do. Because of the tight corner he couldn't speed up and with the loose gravel he couldn't get her whoad.

The wagon had pushed his pickup to the edge of the road but had pushed it at an angle that allowed the logger to mash the throttle at the last second. He said he was truthfully hoping his wife would do all right as a widow when he heard a snap, which was the sound of the hitch breaking off the wagon.

He got his pickup stopped so he could watch the fuel wagon travel over the cliff and down through the quakes, "just like in the old cowboy movies". He called his brother on the radio and told him if he hurried around the next switch back he could haul the fuel wagon too. "What the heck are you talking about", questioned his brother? "You don't wanna know!!!

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